

A

PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;

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OR,

THE NEW REHEARSAL,

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT,
near Surry-Street, in the Strand.

MDCCLXVII.

• [Price One Shilling.]



THE NEW RHEARSAL

ALL IS NOW EXPOSED AT THE

T M E A T R E R O Y A L



THE THIRD EDITION

LONDON

Printed by J. G. Smith, at the Press of the British Museum

and sold by the Booksellers

in the Strand

[Price One Shilling]

P R O L O G U E.

BOLD is the man, and compos mentis, scarce---
 Who, in these nicer times, dares write a Farce ;
 A vulgar long---forgotten taste renew ;
 All now are Comedies, five acts, or two.
 Authors have ever in a canting strain,
 Begg'd mercy for the bantling of their brain :
 That you, kind nurse, wou'd fondle 't on your lap,
 And rear it with applause, that best of pap---
 Thus babes have in their cradles scap'd a blow,
 Tho' lame and ricketty from top to toe :
 Our bard, with prologue-outworks has not fenc'd him,
 For all that I shall say, will make against him.
 Imprimis, this his piece----a Farce we call it---
 Ergo, 'tis low---and ten to one you maul it !
 Wou'd you, because 'tis low, no quarter give ?
 Black-guards, as well as Gentlemen, shou'd live.
 'Tis downright English too---Nothing from France ;
 Except some beasts, which treat you with a dance.
 With a Burletta too we shall present you---
 And, not Italian---that will discontent you.
 Nay, what is worse---you'll see it, and must know it---
 I Thomas King, of King-street, am the poet :
 The murder's out---the murderer detected ;
 May in one night, be try'd, condemn'd, dissected.
 'Tis said, for Scandal's tongue will never cease ;
 That mischief's meant against our little piece ;
 Let me look round, I'll tell you how the case is---
 There's not one frown a single brow disgraces ;
 I never saw a sweeter set of faces !
 Suppose Old Nick, before you righteous folk,
 Produce a farce, brimfull of mirth and joke ;
 Tho' he, at other times, wou'd fire your blood ;
 You'd clap his piece, and swear, 'twas devilish good !
 Malice prepense ! 'tis false !---it cannot be---
 Light is my heart, from apprehensions free---
 If you wou'd save Old Nick, you'll never damn poor me.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir TOBY FUZ.	Mr. LOVE.
Sir MACARONI VIRTU.	Mr. DODD.
GLIB, the Author.	Mr. KING.
WILSON.	Mr. J. PALMER.
MERVIN.	Mr. AICKIN.
PATENT, the Manager.	Mr. PACKER.
HOPKINS, Prompter.	Mr. BANNISTER.
SAUNDERS, Carpenter.	Mr. MOODY.
JOHNSTON, House-keeper.	Mr. JOHNSTON.

W O M E N.

Lady FUZ.	Mrs. CLIVE.
Miss FUZ.	Miss POPE.
First SWEEPER.	Mrs. BRADSHAW.
Second SWEEPER.	Mrs. LOVE.

Dramatis Personæ to ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS.	Mr. VERNON.
OLD SHEPHERD.	Mr. DODD.

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS.

Mr. PARSONS.
Mr. HARTRY.
Mr. BANNISTER.
Mr. FAUCET.
Mr. KEAR.

RHODOPE.	Mrs. ARNE.
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PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;

O R,

THE NEW REHEARSAL.

A C T I.

SCENE I. Covent Garden.

Enter WILSON and MERVIN Booted.

WILSON.

MY dear Jack—ten thousand thanks for your punctuality—ready equip'd, I see, to serve your friend.

MERVIN.

But how can I serve you, my young Don-Quixote? Am I to be your Sancho while your Knight Errantship is running away with this Dulcinea del Toboso?

WILSON.

I have given orders that my post-chaise shall wait in the broad way by Exeter-Change, and the moment the lady steps from her chair to the chaise, the postillions will crack their whips, and drive away like lightning.

MERVIN.

You are a romantic fellow!—How can you possibly imagine that your hot-headed scheme to run away with this young lady can ever be executed?

WILSON.

From the justice of my cause, Jack.

MERVIN.

Justice!—Make that out, and my conscience will be easy.

B

WIL.

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WILSON.

Did not her father's uncle, who was a good lawyer and cheated my father of three-fourths of his fortune, leave her near thirty thousand pounds? ---Now, this is my reasoning——Sir Toby's uncle ran away with some thousands from my father, I shall run away with Sir Toby's daughter, this will bring the said thousands back to me again, with which I'll pay off old scores, strike a balance in my favour, and get a good wife into the bargain——There's justice for you!

MERVIN.

Aye, Justice with a vengeance! But why must Sir Toby be punished for the sins of his uncle?

WILSON.

I'll ease your conscience there too---My mother, at my father's death, took me a boy to Sir Toby and my Lady, to solicit their kindness for me----He gave me half a crown to buy ginger-bread; and her Ladyship, who was combing a fat lap-dog, muttered----*There was no end of maintaining poor relations.*

MERVIN.

I have not a qualm left—But did you really pass for a strolling player last summer, to have a pretence of being near her father's house?

WILSON.

Yes, I did, and as Polonius says, *was accounted a good Actor.*

MERVIN.

What could put that unaccountable frolic in your head?

WILSON.

To gain the favour of Sir Toby's family, as a strolling player, which I could not as a poor relation—they are fond of acting to madness, and my

my plan succeeded; I was so alter'd they did not know me---they lik'd me much, came to a Benefit, which I pretended to have, invited me to their house, and Miss met me privately, after I had played *Ranger* and *Lotbario*.

MERVIN.

Aye, aye, when a young lady's head is cram'd with combustible scraps of plays---she is always ready prim'd, and will go off (if you will allow me a pun) the very first opportunity.

WILSON.

I discovered myself to the young lady, and her generosity was so great, that she resolv'd to marry me to make me amends---there are refin'd feelings for you!

MERVIN.

Aye, double refin'd!--she is more romantic than you, WILL---But did not you run a great risque of losing her, when she knew you was only a gentleman, and not a player?

WILSON.

Read that letter, and tell me if my castles are built in the air?

[Gives a Letter.]

MERVIN (Reads.)

I shall be with my Papa and Mama to see a Rehearsal at Drury-lane Playhouse on Tuesday morning; if my present inclinations hold, and my heart does not fail me, I may convince honest Ranger, what confidence I have in his honour.---Postscript.---If I don't see you then, I don't know when I shall see you, for we return into the country next week.---

WILSON.

Well, what think you?

MERVIN.

O she'll run away with you most certainly---

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WILSON.

I must not lose time then (*looking at his watch.*)
I must go and take my stand, that the Deer may
not escape me.

MERVIN.

And I'll go and take mine, to help you to carry
off the ven'son—This is very like poaching, WILL
—But how will you get admittance into Drury-
lane Theatre?

WILSON.

I was very near being disappointed there, for
unluckily the acting Manager, who scarce reach'd
to my third button, cock'd up his head in my
face, and said I was much too tall for a Hero—
however I got the liberty of the scenes by desiring
to rehearse Hamlet next week—But I hope to cross
the Tweed with the fair Ophelia before that time,
and finish my stage adventures by appearing the
first time in the character of a good husband.

MERVIN.

Success attend you.

WILSON.

—This is the day,

Makes me, or mairs, for ever and for aye!—

If I succeed, I shall be restor'd to my father's
estate, drink claret, and live like a gentleman
with the wife of my heart—and, egad, for aught
I know, stand for the County.

MERVIN.

If not—you must be confin'd to your little one
hundred and twenty pounds a year farm, make
your own cheese, marry the Curate's daughter,
have a dozen children, and brew the best October
in the Parish.

WILSON.

Which ever way fortune will dispose of me, I
shall

shall be always happy to see my friends, and never shall forget my obligations to thee, my dear Jack.

[Shakes him by the hand.]

MERVIN.

Well, well—let us away—we have too much business to mind compliments. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II. The PLAY-HOUSE.

TWO WOMEN SWEEPING THE STAGE.

FIRST WOMAN.

Come Betty, dust away, dust away girl, the Managers will be here presently ; there's no lying in bed for them now, we are up early and late ; all hurry and bustle from morning to night ; I wonder what the deuce they have got in their heads ?

SECOND WOMAN.

Why to get money, Mrs. Besom, to be sure ; the folks say about us, that the other house will make them stir their stumps, and they'll make us stir ours : If they are in motion, we must not stand still, Mrs. Besom.

FIRST WOMAN.

Ay, ay, girl, they have met with their match, and we shall all suffer for it—for my part I can't go thro' the work, if they are always in this plaguy hurry ; I have not drank a comfortable dish of tea since the house open'd.

SECOND WOMAN.

One had better die, than be scolded and hurried about as we are by the house-keeper ; he takes us all for a parcel of Negers I believe : pray give us a pinch of your snuff, Mrs. Besom.

[They lean upon their brooms and take snuff.]

FIRST WOMAN.

Between you and I, Betty, and our two brooms, the house-keeper is grown a little purse-proud ; he
thinks

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thinks himself a great Actor forsooth, since he play'd the Scotch fellow, and the fat cook in Queen Mab.

SECOND WOMAN.

The Quality spoils him too: why woman, he talks to them for all the world as if he was a Lord.

FIRST WOMAN.

I shall certainly *resign*, as the great folks call it in the News Paper, if they won't promise to give me the first Dresser's place that falls, and make our little Tommy a Page; what, woman, tho' we are well paid for our work, we ought to make sure of something when our brooms are taken from us,--- 'tis the fashion Betty.

SECOND WOMAN.

Right, right, Mrs. Befom, service is no inheritance, and to be always doing dirty work, and to have no prospect to rest, and clean ourselves, is the curse only of us poor folks.

FIRST WOMAN.

You and I will drink a dish of tea together in comfort this afternoon, and talk over these and other matters—but mum—here's the House-keeper. [*They sing and sweep again.*]

Enter JOHNSTON, House-keeper.

JOHNSTON.

What, you are at your gossiping again, Ladies—Tho' your brooms are idle your tongues are never so---The Managers work will be finely done in this manner. Come, stir about-- away with it.

FIRST WOMAN.

None but slaves work always. [*Sweeping and muttering.*] Master Johnston, a Christian, sure, may take a little breath, and a pinch of snuff now and then without offence, we have twice the work we had, and no more wages, besides, provisions

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visions are still very dear——We can feel for ourselves, and our country, as well as our betters.

JOHNSTON.

And I must feel for the Managers, so don't murmur, but finish before they come.

FIRST WOMAN.

Why, we have finished——Don't scold us, Master, because we have done our work.

JOHNSTON.

Have you swept out the Orchestra too?

[Looking into it.]

SECOND WOMAN.

As well as I could, but——(I would not say this before the Gentlemen) but they come with such dirty shoes, that we must take other tools than our brooms to it.

JOHNSTON.

Well, get round into the galleries and clean them too——if you find any thing valuable bring it to me.

FIRST WOMAN.

O, to be sure——if we don't know what to do with it ourselves. *(Aside.)* *[Exeunt Sweepers.]*

JOHNSTON.

Betty! Betty! *[Re-enter second Woman.]* Be sure you take away all the apples, orange-peel, and walnut-shells, you find in the upper gallery.

SECOND WOMAN.

We shall have enough to do then; for on my conscience I believe they eat more of that trash there, than in all London besides.

Enter HOPKINS, the Prompter.

PROMPTER.

Come, clear the Stage; the Managers will be here directly. *[Exeunt Johnston and Sweeper.]* Where are the Carpenters?——Carpenters!

A Carpenter above.

What do you want, Mr. Hopkins?

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PROMPTER.

What do I want? Come down and set the Scenes for the new Burletta of Orpheus.

CARPENTER.

We an't ready for it, the Beasts are now in hand—they an't finish'd.

PROMPTER.

Not finish'd the Beasts! here's fine work! the Managers and Author will be here directly, and nothing ready; — fie, fie. — Saunders! — Saunders! —

[Calls out.

Enter SAUNDERS.

SAUNDERS.

Here! here! ----- Zooks what a bawling you make, do keep your breath for your prompting, Master Hopkins, and not send it after me at this rate--- I'm not deaf.

PROMPTER.

But your men are, and asleep too I believe; I can't get a soul of them near me, 'tis ten o'clock, [*looking at his Watch*] and not a Scene prepared for the Rehearsal; 'tis I shall be blam'd, and not you.

SAUNDERS.

Blam'd for what? 'Tis but a rehearsal, and of one Act only ----- wou'd you have us to finish our work, before the Poet has done his? Don't you know that Carpenters are always the last in a house; and yet you want us to get out of it, before the Author has covered in.

PROMPTER.

You may be as witty as you please; but the Managers will do as they please, and they have promis'd the Author to rehearse the first Act of his Burletta of Orpheus this Morning, as he pleases, with all the proper Scenes, Dresses, Machinery,

chinery, and Musick; so what signifies all our prating?

SAUNDERS.

Very little as you say—but damn all these new vagaries, that put us all upon our heads topsy versey—my men have sat up all night, and I have finish'd every thing but the Dancing Cows.

PROMPTER.

Bless my heart, man, the Author depends most upon his Cows.

SAUNDERS.

His Cows!—How came they to be his; they are *my* Cows;—these Poets are pretty fellows faith; they say I'll have a flying Devil, or a dancing Bear, or any such conundrum; why 'tis easily said, but who is to make 'em fly, and dance? ha, Mr. Prompter? Why poor Pill Garlick;—The Audience applauds, the Author is conceited; but the Carpenter is never thought of.

PROMPTER.

These are bold truths, Mr. Saunders.

SAUNDERS.

Why then out with 'em, I say—great men spin the brains of the little ones, and take the credit of 'em.—Do you know how I was serv'd in our dramatic romance of Cymon?

PROMPTER.

You did your business well there, particularly in the last Scene.

SAUNDERS.

And what was the consequence? One fine gentleman in the boxes said,—my master brought it from Italy;—No, damn it (says another, taking snuff) I saw the very same thing at Paris; when

C

you

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you all know here behind the Scenes, that the whole design came from this head; and the execution from these hands, --but nothing can be done by an Englishman now a days, and so your servant, Mr. Hopkins— *[Going.]*

PROMPTER.

Harkee Saunders,--the Managers have order'd me to discharge the man at the lightning; he was so drunk the last time he flash'd, that he has sing'd all the clouds on that side the Stage.

[Pointing to the clouds.]

SAUNDERS.

Yes, yes, I see it, and harkee--he has burnt a hole in the new cascade, and set fire to the shower of rain--but mum—

PROMPTER.

The deuce—he must be discharg'd directly.

[Exit Saunders.]

[MANAGER without.]

Where's the Prompter?

PROMPTER.

Here I am, Sir.

Enter PATENT.

PATENT.

Make haste with your scenes, Saunders; so, clear the Stage, Mr. Hopkins, and let us go to business. Is the extraordinary Author of this very extraordinary performance come yet?

PROMPTER.

Not yet, Sir, but we shall be soon ready for him—'Tis a very extraordinary thing, indeed, to rehearse only one act of a performance, and with dresses

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dressés and decorations, as if it were really before an Audience.

PATENT.

It is a novelty, indeed, and a little expensive too, but we cou'd not withstand the solicitations that were made to us; we shan't often repeat the same experiment.

PROMPTER.

I hope not, Sir,—'tis a very troublesome one, and the Performers murmur greatly at it.

PATENT.

When do the performers not murmur, Mr. Hopkins?—Has any morning pass'd in your time without some grievance or another?

PROMPTER.

I have half a dozen now in my pocket for you.

[Feeling in his pockets for papers.]

PATENT.

O pray let's have 'em, my old breakfast—

[Prompter gives 'em.]

And the old story—Actresses quarrelling about parts; there's not one of 'em but thinks herself young enough for any part; and not a young one but thinks herself capable of any part—but their betters quarrel about what they are not fit for, So our Ladies have at least great precedents for their folly.

PROMPTER.

The young fellow from Edinburgh won't accept of the second Lord; he desires to have the first.

PATENT.

I don't doubt it—Well, well, if the Author can make him speak English, I have no objection.

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PROMPTER.

Mr. *Rantly* is indisposed, and can't play to-morrow.

PATENT.

Well, well, let his lungs rest a little, they want it, I'm sure—What a campaign shall we make of it; all our subalterns will be general officers, and our generals will only fight when they please.

[GLIB *without.*]

O he's upon the Stage, is he?—I'll go to him—

PATENT.

Here comes the Author, do you prepare the people for the Rehearsal—desire them to be as careful, as if they were to perform before an Audience.

PROMPTER.

I will, Sir—Pray let us know when we must begin.

[*Exit Prompter.*]

Enter GLIB, the Author.

GLIB.

Dear Mr. Patent, am not I too late? Do make me happy at once—I have been upon the rack this half hour—But the Ladies, Mr. Patent—the Ladies—

PATENT.

But where are the Ladies, Sir?

AUTHOR.

They'll be here in the drinking of a cup of tea—I left 'em all at breakfast—Lady Fuz can't stir from home without some refreshment—Sir Macaroni Virtu was not come when I left them; he
gene-

generally sits up all night, and if he gets up before two o'clock he only walks in his sleep all the rest of the day.—He is perhaps the most accomplished connoisseur in the three kingdoms; yet he is never properly awake 'till other people go to bed;—however, if he shou'd come, our little performance, I believe, will rouse him---ha, ha, ha!---you understand me?---A pinch of cephalic only.

PATENT.
I have the honour of knowing him a little---
Will Sir Macaroni be here?

AUTHOR.

Why he promis'd, but he's too polite to be punctual---You understand me?---ha, ha, ha!---however, I am pretty sure we shall see him;----I have a secret for you---not a soul must know it---he has compos'd two of the songs in my Burletta----An admirable musician---but particular---He has no great opinion of me, nor indeed of any body else, a very tolerable one of himself---and so I believe he'll come--You understand me? ha, ha, ha!

PATENT.
I do, Sir---But pray, Mr. Glib, why did not you compleat your Burletta---'tis very new with us to rehearse but one act only?

AUTHOR.

By a sample, Mr. Patent, you may know the piece: if you approve you shall never want novelty---I am a very spider at spinning my own brains, ha, ha, ha! always at it---spin, spin, spin---you understand me?

PATENT.
Extreamly well---In your second act, I suppose, you intend to bring Orpheus into hell---

AUTHOR.

O yes---I make him play the devil there---I send him for some better purpose than to fetch his wife, ha, ha, ha!---Don't mistake me---while he is upon earth, I make him a very good sort of a man---He keeps a Mistress, indeed, but his wife's dead, you know---and were she alive not much harm in that---for I make him a man of fashion---Fashion, you know, is all in all---You understand me?---Upon a qualm of conscience, he quits his mistress, and sets out for hell with a resolution to fetch his wife---

PATENT.

Is that too like a man of fashion, Mr. Glib?

AUTHOR.

No, that's the *moral* part of him---He's a mix'd character---but as he approaches and gets into the infernal regions, his principles melt away by degrees, as it were, by the heat of the climate---and finding that his wife, Eurydice, is kept by Pluto, he immediately makes up to Proserpine, and is kept by her, then they all four agree matters amicably---Change partners, as one may say, make a genteel *partie quarrée*, and finish the whole with a song and a chorus---and a stinger it is---The subject of the song is---the old proverb, *exchange is no robbery*, and the chorus runs thus,

We care not or know,

In matters of love,

What is doing *above*,

But this, this, is the fashion, *below*.

I believe that's true satire, Mr. Patent---strong and poignant---You understand me?

P A-

PATENT.

O very well---'tis chian pepper indeed---a little will go a great way.

AUTHOR.

I make Orpheus see in my hell all sorts of people, of all degrees, and occupations---ay, and of both sexes---that's not very unnatural, I believe---there shall be very good company too, I assure you; *high life below stairs*, as I call it, ha, ha, ha! you take me---a double edge---no boys play---rip and tear---the times require it---fortè---fortissime---

PATENT.

Won't it be too fortè?---Take care, Mr. Glib, not to make it so much above proof that the boxes can't taste it---Take care of empty boxes.

AUTHOR.

Empty boxes!----I'll engage that my *Cerberus* alone shall fill the boxes for a month.

PATENT.

Cerberus!

AUTHOR.

Be quiet a little---You know, I suppose, that Cerberus is a dog, and has three heads?

PATENT.

I have heard as much.

AUTHOR.

Then you shall see some sport---He shall be a comical dog too, I warrant you---ha, ha, ha!

PATENT.

What, is *Cerberus* a character in your performance?

AU-

AUTHOR.

Capital, capital—I have thrown all my fancy and invention into his mouth, or rather mouths—there are three of 'em, you know.

PATENT.

Most certainly, if there are three heads.

AUTHOR.

Poh, that's nothing to what I have in petto for you—Observe me now—when Orpheus comes to the gates of hell—Cerberus stops him—but how, how—now for it—guess—

PATENT.

Upon my soul I can't guess.

AUTHOR.

I make his three heads sing a *trio*.

PATENT.

A *Trio*!

AUTHOR.

A *trio*! I knew I shou'd hit you—a *trio*, treble, tenor and bass—and what shall they sing? nothing in the world but, *Bow, wow, wow*!—Orpheus begins—

O bark not, Cerberus, nor grin—

A stranger sure to pass within,

Your goodness will allow?

Bow, wow, wow—

Treble, tenor and bass—Then Orpheus shall tickle his lyre, and treble, tenor and bass, shall fall asleep by degrees, and one after another, fainter and fainter—*Bow, wow, wow*—fast—You understand me?

PATENT.

Very ingenious, and very new—I hope the critics will understand it.

AU-

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AUTHOR.

I will make every body understand it, or my name is not Derry down Glib—When I write the whole town shall understand me—You understand me?

PATENT.

Not very clearly, Sir—but it is no matter—Here's your company.

Enter Sir TOBY, Lady FUZ, Sir MACARONI VIRTU, and Miss FUZ.

AUTHOR.

Ladies and Gentlemen, you do me honour; Mr. Patent---Sir Toby and Miss Fuz, and this Sir Macaroni Virtu--- [All bow and curtsy.

Sir Toby, one of the managers.

[Introducing Patent.

Sir TOBY.

I am one of the managers most humble and obedient.

AUTHOR.

I take it as a most particular compliment, Sir Macaroni, that you wou'd attend my trifle at so early an hour.

Sir MACARONI.

Why, faith, Glib, without a compliment, I had much rather be in bed than here, or any where else.

[Yawns.

Lady FUZ.

I have a prodigious curiosity to see your Play-house by day-light, Mr. Manager; have not you, Sir Macaroni?

D

Sir

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Sir MACARONI.

O no, my Lady----I never have any curiosity to see it at all. *[Half asleep.]*

MANAGER.

I will prepare some tea and chocolate in the Green Room for the Ladies, while the Prompter prepares matters for the Rehearsal.

Lady FUZ.

I never breakfast but once a day, Mr. Manager ; Sir Toby indeed never refuses any thing at any time ; he's at it from morning till night.

Sir TOBY.

I love to be social my dear,---besides trifling with tea, chocolate, macaroons, biskets, and such things, is never reckon'd eating, you know.

AUTHOR.

You are indefatigably obliging, Mr. Patent.

[Exit Patent.]

Miss FUZ.

Bless me, papa, what a strange place this is !---I am sure I shou'd not have known it again---I wonder where he is ! I wish I cou'd get a peep at him ---and yet I am frighted out of my wits.

(aside and looking about.)

Sir TOBY.

Now the Manager is gone, one may venture to say, that the Play-house is no morning beauty ; paint and candle light are as great friends to the theatres, as to the ladies ; they hide many wrinkles ---don't they, Mr. Glib ? ha, ha, ha !

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AUTHOR.

You have hit it, Sir Toby, and this is the old house too, ha, ha, ha!

(Sir Toby shews his daughter the scenes.)

[Lady FU Z.]

(Looking about with a glass.)

My dear Sir Toby, you, you may be as sarcastical as you please; but I protest a Play-house is a prodigious odd sort of a thing, now there is nobody in it :---is it not, Sir Macaroni?

Sir MACARONI.

O yes, and a prodigious odd sort of a thing when 'tis full too---I abominate a Play-house; my ingenious countrymen have no taste now, for the high season'd comedies; and I am sure that I have none for the pap and loplolly of our present writers.

AUTHOR.

Bravo, Sir Micaroni!--I wou'd not give a pin for a play, no more than a partridge, that has not the fumet.

Sir MACARONI.

Not amiss, faith! ha, ha, ha!

Lady FU Z.

Don't let us lose time, Mr. Glib;---if they are not ready for the Rehearsal, suppose the Manager entertains us with thunder and lightning,--and let us see his traps, and his whims, and harlequin pantomimes.

Sir TOBY.

And a shower of rain, or an eclipse; and I must beg one peep at the Patagonians.

Miss FU Z.

Pray, Mr. Glib, let us have some thunder and lightning.

AUTHOR.

Your commands shall be obey'd, Miss; I'll whip up to the clouds and be your Jupiter Tonans in a crack. [Exit Glib.

Sir MACARONI.

A Play-house in *England* is to me, as dull as a church, and fit only to sleep in.

Lady FUZ.

Sir Toby thinks so too;---I'll tell you what happen'd the last time we were there.

Miss FUZ.

Ay, do, my dear lady, tell what happen'd to Papa---'twas very droll.

Sir TOBY.

Eye, fye, Fanny,---my lady, you shou'd not tell tales out of school.---Twas an accident.---

Lady FUZ.

A very common one with you, my dear: We din'd late, Sir Toby cou'd not take his nap, and we came early to the House;---in ten minutes he fell fast asleep against the box door, his wig half off, his mouth wide open, and snoring like a Rhinoceros.

Sir MACARONI.

Well, but the catastrophe, lady Fuz?

Lady FUZ.

The Pit and Galleries fell a laughing and clapping---I jogg'd and pull'd him till my arms ach'd; and if the Box-keeper had not luckily open'd the door, and Sir Toby fell head-long into the passage, I should have died with shame.

Sir TOBY.

You'll not die with tenderness, I believe, for I got a lump upon my head as big as an egg,
and

and have not been free from the head-ach ever since.

Miss FUZ.

I shall never forget what a flump my Papa came down with, Ha, ha, ha!

Sir MACARONI.

The tenderness runs in the family, Sir TOBY?

Lady FUZ.

Pray don't you adore Shakespear, Sir Mac?

Sir MACARONI.

Shakespear! (*yawning.*)

Lady FUZ.

Sir TOBY and I are absolute worshippers of him—we very often act some of his best tragedy scenes to divert ourselves.

Sir MACARONI.

And it must be very diverting, I dare swear.

Sir TOBY.

What more family secrets! for shame, Lady Fuz—

Lady FUZ.

You need not be ashamed of your talents, my dear—I will venture to say you are the best ROMEO that ever appeared.

Sir TOBY.

Pooh, pooh!

Sir MACARONI.

I have not the least doubt of Sir TOBY's genius—But don't your Ladyship think he rather carries too much flesh for the Lover—Does your Ladyship incline to tragedy too?

Lady

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Lady FUZ.

I have my feelings, Sir---and if Sir TOBY will favour you with two or three speeches, I will stand up for Juliet.

Sir TOBY.

I vow, Lady Fuz, you distress me beyond measure---I never have any voice till the evening.

Miss FUZ.

Never mind being a little husky, Papa---do tear your wig, throw yourself upon the ground, and poison yourself.

Sir MACARONI.

This is a glorious scene, faith. (*aside.*) Sir TOBY looks as if he were susceptible of the tender passions.

Lady FUZ.

Too much so, indeed; he is too amiable not to be a little faithless---he has been a great Libertine---have not you, Sir Toby? have you not wrong'd me?---Come, give me a pinch of your snuff---

[*Takes snuff out of his box.*]

Sir TOBY.

Forget and forgive, my dear,---if my constitution err'd, my affections never did---I have told you so a thousand times.

Sir MACARONI.

A wonderful couple, upon my soul!---(*aside.*)

Enter AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

Ladies, you can't possibly have any thunder and lightning this morning; one of the planks of the Thunder-Trunk started the other night, and had not

not Jupiter stepp'd aside to drink a pot of porter, he had been knock'd o'the head with his own thunder-bolt.

Lady FUZ.

Well, let us go into the Green Room then, and see the actors and actresses---Is Clive there?---I should be glad of all things to see that woman off the stage.

AUTHOR.

She never attends here, but when she is wanted.

Lady FUZ.

Bless me! If I was an actress, I should never be a moment out of the Play-house.

Sir MACARONI.

And if I had my will, I would never be a moment in it.

Lady FUZ.

I wish I could have seen Clive! I think her a droll creature---nobody has half so good an opinion of her as I have. *[Exit Lady Fuzz.]*

Miss FUZ.

For my part, I had rather have had a little thunder and lightning, than all the tea and chocolate in the world. *(going.)* I wonder I don't see him. *(aside.)* *[Exit Miss Fuz.]*

Sir MACARONI.

What a set of people am I with! what a place I am in, and what an entertainment am I to go through! But I can't go through it---so I'll e'en get into my chair again, and escape from these Hottentots---I wish with all my soul that Sir TOBY, my Lady, and Miss, the Author and his Piece, the Managers, their Play-house and their Performers,
3 were

24 A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;

were all at the bottom of the Thames, and that I were fast asleep in my bed again. [Exit.]

Enter WILSON. (*Peeping.*)

I durst not discover myself, though I saw her dear eyes looking about for me.—If I could see her for a moment now, as the stage is clear, and no body to overlook us, who knows but I might kindle up her spirit this moment to run away with me—Hah! What noise is that?—There she is—Miss Fanny! Miss Fanny—here I am—By heavens, she comes——

Enter Miss FUZ.

Miss FUZ.

O dear, how I flutter! I can't stay long—my Papa and Mama were going to rehearse Romeo and Juliet, or I could not have stole out now.

WILSON.

Let you and I act those parts in earnest, Miss, and fly to Lawrence Cell—Love has given us the opportunity, and we shall forfeit his protection if we don't make the best use of it.

Miss FUZ.

Indeed I can't go away with you now—I will find a better opportunity soon—perhaps to-morrow—Let me return to the Green Room; if we are seen together, we shall be separated for ever.—

WILSON.

To prevent that, let me lead you a private way through the house to a postchaise—we shall be out of reach before Sir TOBY and my Lady have gone half through Romeo and Juliet.

Miss

Miss FUZ.

Don't insist upon it now—I could not for the world—my fear has taken away all my inclinations.

WILSON.

I must run away with you now, Miss Fuz—Indeed I must.

Miss FUZ.

Have you really a post-chaise ready?

WILSON.

I have indeed!—A postchaise and four.

Miss FUZ.

A postchaise and four!—blefs me!

WILSON.

Four of the best Bays in London, and my postillions are in blue jackets, with silver shoulder-knots.

Miss FUZ.

With silver shoulder-knots!—nay, then there is no resisting—and yet—

WILSON.

Nay, quickly, quickly determine, my dear Miss Fuz.

Miss FUZ.

I will determine then—I will sit by my Papa at the Rehearsal, and when he is asleep, which he will be in ten minutes, and my Mama will be deaf, dumb and blind to every thing, but Mr. GLIB's wit—I'll steal out of the box from them, and you shall run away with me as fast as you can, wherever your four Bays and silver shoulder-knots please to take me.

E

WIL-

WILSON.

Upon my knees I thank you, and thus I take
an earnest of my happiness. (*Kisses her hand.*)
Zounds! here's your Mama, Miss—don't be alarm'd
—*Lady! by yonder blessed Moon I vow!*

Miss FUZ.

Ob! swear not by the Moon, th' inconstant Moon!

Lady FUZ. (*approaching.*)

Let us have no sun and moon and stars now----
What are you about, my dear?----Who is this
young gentleman you are so free with?

Miss FUZ.

This is the young gentleman Actor, Mama,
whose Benefit we were at last summer, and while
you were busy acting in the Green Room, I stole
out to try how my voice would sound upon the
stage, and finding him here, I begg'd him to teach
me a little how to play JULIET.

Lady FUZ.

O, very well, my dear—we are oblig'd to the
young gentleman, to be sure;—your Papa will
teach you, child, and play ROMEO with you:
you shou'd not be too free with these Actors—
(*aside.*) I am much oblig'd to you, Sir, for the
pains you have taken with my daughter—we are
very sensible of your politeness, and you may
bring us some tickets when your benefit time
comes.

WILSON.

I am greatly honour'd by your Ladyship, and
will go through all the scenes of ROMEO and
JULIET with Miss whenever she pleases.

Lady

Lady FUZ.

O no, young man---her papa is a very fine actor, and a great critic, and he will have no body teach her these things but himself---Thank the gentleman, Child ---- [*she curtesies*]---Why did not you stay to hear your papa and me? Go, go, my dear, and I'll follow you. [*Exit Miss.*] Upon my word, a likely young man ---- your servant, Sir - -- and very likely to turn a young woman's head; were it not for setting my daughter a bad example, I should like to go over some scenes of Juliet with him myself. [*Exit, looking at him.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

E 2

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Stage.*

Enter AUTHOR, Sir TOBY, Lady and
Miss FUZ, PATENT, &c.

AUTHOR.

What, we have lost Sir Macaroni! no great matter, for he was half asleep all the time he was here---very little better than a caput mortuum---Now, Ladies, and Gentlemen, of the jury, take your places---His and clap, condemn or applaud me as your taste directs you, and Apollo and the Nine send me a good deliverance.

Lady FUZ.

We'll go into the front boxes---What is the matter with you, Fanny?---You had rather be at your inconstant Moon than hear Mr. Glib's wit.

Miss FANNY.

I never was happier in all my life, mama. [*sighs.*
What will become of me? [*Aside.*

Sir TOBY.

I shall be very critical, Mr. Author.

Lady FUZ.

Pray are we to have a Prologue, Mr. Glib? We positively must have a Prologue.

A U-

AUTHOR.

Most certainly---entre nous---I have desir'd the Manager to write me one--- which has so flatter'd him, that I shall be able to do any thing with him --- [*Aside to Lady Fuz.*] I know 'em all from the Patentees, down to the waiting fellows in green coats---

Sir TOBY.

You are very happy in your acquaintance, Sir.

Lady FUZ.

I wish some of the Stage folks wou'd shew me round to the boxes---Who's there?

Enter JOHNSTON.

JOHNSTON.

I'll conduct your Ladyship round, if you please.

Lady FUZ.

Thank you, Mr. Johnston---Remember my box the first night---and don't forget Clive's benefit.

JOHNSTON.

I won't, my Lady.

Lady FUZ.

Come, now for it, Glib---I shall have both my ears open, and I hope Sir Toby will do as much by his Eyes---Come, Fanny, my dear, this way.

*[Exit Lady Fuz, &c.**Miss* FANNY.

I'll go my own way for the first time; now my spirits are up again---I have slipt my leading strings, and if, dear Mr. Wilson's bays and postilions keep
pace

30 A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;

pace with my fancy; my papa and mama must run a little faster than they do to overtake me.

[*Exit Miss Fuz.*]

Enter PROMPTER.

AUTHOR.

I hope, Mr. Hopkins, that no body has got secretly into the house; I wou'd have none but friends at the first Rehearsal. [*Looking round the house.*]

PROMPTER.

You see the house is quite clear, Sir.

AUTHOR.

I wou'd not have the town have the least idea of my performance before hand---I wou'd open a mask'd battery of entertainment upon the public.

PROMPTER.

You'll surprise 'em, I believe, Sir!

AUTHOR.

Pray be so good as to ring down the curtain, that we may rehearse in form---So, so, so---very well; and now I'll say a word or two to the [*curtain drops.*] Gentlemen in the Orchestra---Gentlemen, [*to the orchestra.*] I shall take it as a particular favour, if you wou'd be careful of your *pianos* and *fortès*; they are the light and shade, and without 'em music is all noise, and singing nothing but bawling.—

MUSICIAN, [*from the Orchestra.*]

I don't quite understand this movement----Is it allegro, Sir?

AUTHOR.

Allegro, spiritoso! ----- Flash, flash, fire! my friends----you gentlemen *baut-boys*, take particular

lar care of your little solos---- You *basoons*, support 'em, con gusto, not too powerfully, mind a delicacy of feeling in your second movement-- Make yourselves ready, Gentlemen---- Shoulder your fiddles-- Cock your bows---- And the moment I vanish, fire away, crash ---- I leave my fame in your hands---- My Lady-- Sir Toby, are you got round?---- O very well; I see you---- Don't forget a cordial now and then for the poor Author.

[Speaking to the Audience, and making a sign of clapping.]

[During the Burletta, Glib, the Author, goes out and comes in several times upon the Stage, and speaks occasionally to the performers, as his fancy prompts him, in order to enliven the action, and give a proper comic spirit to the performance.]

OVERTURE

TO THE

BURLETTA OF ORPHEUS.

The Curtain rises to soft Musick after the Overture, and discovers ORPHEUS asleep upon a Couch with his Lyre near him—after the Symphony—

RECITATIVE accompanied.

ORPHEUS *(dreaming.)*

I COME—I go—I must—I will.

(half awake.)

Bless me!--Where am I?—Here I'm still—

(quite awake.)

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'Tho' dead, she haunts me still, my wife!
In death my torment, as in life;
By day, by night, whene'er she catches
Poor me asleep—she thumps and scratches;
No more she cries with Harlot's revel,
But fetch me, ORPHEUS, from the Devil.

A I R.

I.

'Tho' she scolded all day, and all night did the same,
'Tho' she was too rampant, and I was too tame;
'Tho' shriller her notes than the ear-piercing fife,
I must and I will go to hell for my wife.

II.

As the sailor can't rest, if the winds are too still,
As the miller sleeps best by the clack of his mill,
So I was most happy in tumult and strife;
I must and I will go to hell for my wife.

[*Going out.*]

Enter RHODOPE.

Recit.

Your wife, you Driv'ler!—is it so?
But I'll play hell before you go.

ORPHEUS (*aside.*) *Recit.*

With fear and shame my cheeks are scarlet;
I've prais'd my Wife, before my Harlot.

RHODOPE. *Recit.*

Go, fetch your wife, thou simple man;
What keep us both?—is that your plan?
And dar'st thou, ORPHEUS, think of two?
When one's too much by one for you.

OR-

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

My mind is fix'd—in vain this strife;
To hell I go to fetch my wife.—

(Going Rhodope holds him:)

AIR.

RHODOPE *(In tears.)*

Is this your affection,
Your vows and protection,
To bring back your Wife to your house;
When she knows what I am;
As a wolf the poor lamb,
As a cat she will mumble the mouse.

ORPHEUS.

Air and Recit:

Pray cease your pathetic,
And I'll be prophetic,
Two ladies at once in my house;
Two cats they will be,
And mumble poor me:
The poor married man is the mouse.

RHODOPE. *Recit.*

Yet hear me, ORPHEUS, can you be,
So vulgar as to part with me;
And fetch your wife?—am I forsaken?
O give me back what you have taken!
In vain I rave, my fate deplore,
A ruin'd maid, is maid no more;
Your Love alone is reparation,
Give me but *that*, and *this* for Reputation!

(Snaps her fingers)

E

AIR.

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A I R.

I.

When ORPHEUS you
Were kind and true,
Of joy I had my fill,
Now ORPHEUS roves,
And faithless proves,
Alas! the bitter pill!

II.

As from the bogs,
The wounded frogs,
Call'd out, I call to thee;
O naughty boy,
To you 'tis joy,
Alas! 'tis death to me.

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

In vain are all your sobs, and sighs,
In vain the rhet'rick of your eyes;
To wind and rain my heart is rock;
The more you cry—the more I'm block.

RHODOPE. *Recit.*

Since my best weapon, crying fails,
I'll try my tongue, and then my nails.

A I R.

Mount if you will, and reach the sky,
Quick as light'ning would I fly,
And there would give you battle,
Like the thunder I would rattle.

Seek

Seek if you will the shades below,
Thither, thither will I go,
Your faithless heart appall!
My rage no bounds shall know—
Revenge my bosom stings,
And jealousy has wings,
To rise above 'em all!

[ORPHEUS *snatches up the Lyre.*]

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

This is *my* weapon, don't advance,
I'll make you sleep, or make you dance.

A I R.

One med'cine cures the gout,
Another cures a cold,
This can drive your passions out,
Nay even *cure* a Scold.
Have you gout or vapours,
I in sleep,
Your senses steep,
Or make your legs cut capers.

DUETTO, (*accompanied with the Lyre.*)

RHOD. I cannot have my swing,
ORPH. Ting, ting, ting.
RHOD. My tongue has lost its twang,
ORPH. Tang, tang, tang.
RHOD. My eyes begin to twinkle,
ORPH. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.
RHOD. My hands dingle dangle,
ORPH. Tangle, tangle, tangle.
RHOD. My spirits sink,
ORPH. Tink, tink, tink.
RHOD. Alas my tongue,
ORPH. Ting, tang, tong.

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RHOD. Now 'tis all o'er,
I can no more,
But-go-to-sleep—and—sno-o-re.

[Sinks by Degrees upon a Couch, and falls asleep.]

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

'Tis done, I'm free,
And now for thee,
Euridice!
Behold what's seldom seen in life,
I leave my mistress for my wife.

Who's there? *(Calls a servant, who peeps in)*
Come in—nay never peep;
The danger's o'er—she's fast asleep,
Do not too soon her fury rouse,
I go to hell—to fetch my spouse.

A I R. *(Repeated.)*

Tho' she scolded all day, and all night did the same,
Tho' she was too rampant, and I was too tame;
Tho' shriller her notes than the ear-piercing fife,
I must and I will go to hell for my wife.

[Exit singing.]

Scene

*Scene changes to a mountainous Country, Cows,
Sheep, Goats, &c.*

After a short Symphony,

Enter ORPHEUS,

Playing upon his Lyre,

A I R.

Thou dear companion of my life,
My friend, my mistress and my wife,
Much dearer than all three ;
Should they be faithless and deceive me,
Thy Grand Specific can relieve me,
All med'cines are in thee,
Thou *veritable Beaume de Vie* !

RECITATIVE.

Now wake my Lyre, to sprightlier strains,
Inspire with joy both beasts, and swains,
Give us no soporific potion,
But Notes shall set the fields in motion.

A I R.

Breathe no ditty,
Soft and pretty,
Charming female tongues to sleep ;
Goats shall flaunt it,
Cows currant it,
Shepherds frisk it with their sheep !

Enter

38 A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;

Enter OLD SHEPHERD with others.

Recit.

Stop, stop your noise you fiddling fool,
We want not here a Dancing School.

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

Shepherd be cool, forbear this vap'ring,
Or this * shall set you all a cap'ring.

* *His Lyre.*

OLD SHEPHERD. *Recit.*

Touch it again, and I shall strait,
Beat time with this † upon your pate.

† *His Crook.*

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

I dare you all, your threats, your blows,
Come one and all we now are foes.

OLD SHEPHERD. *Recit.*

Zounds! what's the matter with my toes?

(Begins to dance.)

OLD SHEPHERD.

A I R.

From top to toe,
Above, below,
The tingling runs about me;
I feel it here,
I feel it there,
Within me, and without me.

OR:

ORPHEUS.

Air.

From top to toe,
Above, below,
The Charm shall run about you,
Now tingle here,
Now tingle there,
Within you, and without you.

OLD SHEPHERD. *Air.*

O cut those strings,
Those tickling things
Of that same curfed Scraper;

Chorus of SHEPHERDS.

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

ORPHEUS.

Air.

They cut the strings,
Those foolish things,
They cannot hurt the Scraper!
They're dancing too,
And they like you,
Can only cut a caper.

Chorus of SHEPHERDS.

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

40 A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;

OLD SHEPHERD.

Air.

As I'm alive,
I'm sixty-five,
And that's no age for dancing;
I'm past the game,
O fie, for shame,
Old men should not be prancing:
O cut the strings,
Those tickling things,
Of that same cursed Scraper;

Chorus of SHEPHERDS:

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

ORPHEUS.

Air.

They cut the strings,
Those foolish things,
They cannot hurt the Scraper;
They're dancing too,
And they like you,
Can only cut a caper.

CHORUS.

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

[ORPHEUS leads out the Shepherds in a grand
Chorus of singing and dancing, and the
Beasts following them.]

A U.

AUTHOR.

Here's a scene, Lady Fitz!— If this won't do, what the devil will, tal, tal, tal, tal— *[dancing]*. Thank you, Gentlemen, *[to the orchestra]* admirably well done, indeed— I'll kiss you all round over as much punch as the double bass will hold.

Enter P A T E N T.

There, Mr. Manager, is an end of an Act ---- Every beast upon his hind-legs! ---- I did intend that houses and trees (according to the old story) shou'd have join'd in the dance, but it would have crouded the stage too much.

PATENT.

Full enough as it is, Mr. Glib.

Lady F U Z. *without.*

---Let me come,---let me come, I say!

AUTHOR.

D'ye hear, d'ye hear ! her ladyship's in raptures
I find ;--I knew I shou'd touch her.

Enter Lady F U Z.

Lady F U Z.

These are fine doings, fine doings, Mr. Glib---

AUTHOR.

And a fine effect they will have, my lady ; particularly the dancing off of the Beasts.---

Lady FUZ:

Yes, yes, they have danc'd off, but they shall dance back again, take my word for it.

[walks about.

AU-

42 A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN ;

AUTHOR.

My dear lady, and so they shall---don't be uneasy---they shall dance back again directly---here Prompter---I intended to have the Scene over again---I cou'd see it forever.

Lady FUZ.

Was this your plot, Mr. Glib ? Or your contrivance, Mr. Manager ?

PATENT.

Madam !

AUTHOR.

No, upon my soul, 'tis all my own contrivance, not a thought stole from Ancient, or Modern ; all my own plot.

Lady FUZ.

Call my servants---I'll have a Post-chaise directly---I see your guilt by your vain endeavours to hide it---this is the most bare-fac'd impudence !

AUTHOR.

Impudence !---may I die if I know an indecent expression in the whole piece !

PATENT.

Your passion, madam, runs away with you---I don't understand you.

Lady FUZ.

No Sir,---'tis one of your Stage-players has run away with my daughter ;---and I'll be reveng'd on you all ;---I'll shut up your house.

PATENT.

This must be enquir'd into.

[Exit Patent.

AUTHOR.

What, did Miss Fuz run away without seeing Orpheus?

Lady FUZ.

Don't say a word more, thou blockhead.

AUTHOR.

I am dumb---but no blockhead.

Enter Sir TOBY, in Confusion.

Sir TOBY.

What is all this,---what is it all about!

Lady FUZ.

Why, it is all your fault, Sir Toby---had not you been asleep, she cou'd never have been stolen from your side.

Sir TOBY.

How do you know she is stolen? Enquire first, my Lady, and be in a passion afterwards.

Lady FUZ.

I know she's gone; I saw her with a young fellow---he was upon his knees, swearing by the moon---let us have a Post-chaise, Sir Toby, directly, and follow 'em.

Sir TOBY.

Let us dine first, my dear, and I'll go wherever you please.

Lady FUZ.

Dine, dine! Did you ever hear the like? you have no more feeling, Sir Toby, than your Periwig.---I shall go distracted---the greatest curse of a poor woman, is to have a flighty daughter, and a sleepy husband.---

[Exit Lady Fuz]

44 A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;

SIR TOBY.

And the greatest curse of a poor man, to have every body highy in his family but himself.

LADY F.

[Exit.

Enter PATENT.

PATENT.

'Tis true, Mr. Glib,---the young Lady is gone off, but with nobody that belongs to us---'tis a dreadful affair!

AUTHOR.

So it is faith, to spoil my Rehearsal---I think it was very ungentle of her to chuse this morning for her pranks, tho' she might make free with her father and mother, she shou'd have more manners than to treat me so.---I'll tell her as much when I see her.---The second Act shall be ready for you next week.---I depend upon you for a prologue---your genius,---

PATENT.

You are too polite, Mr. Glib---have you an Epilogue?

AUTHOR.

I have a kind of Address here, by way of Epilogue, to the town---I suppose it to be spoken by myself, as the Author---who have you can represent me?---no easy task, let me tell you,---he must be a little smart, degagee, and not want assurance.

PATENT.

Smart, degagee, and not want assurance,---King is the very man.

AU-

AUTHOR.

Thank, thank you, dear Mr. Patent,---the very man---is he in the house ! I wou'd read it to him.

PATENT.

O no !---since the audience receiv'd him in Lincoln, he is practising mulick, whenever he is not wanted here.

AUTHOR.

I have heard as much, and that he continually sets his family's teeth on edge, with scraping upon the fiddle.-----Conceit, conceit, Mr. Patent, is the ruin of 'em all.---I could wish, when he speaks this Address, that he wou'd be more easy in his carriage, and not have that damn'd jerk in his bow, that he generally treats us with.

PATENT.

I'll hint as much to him.

AUTHOR.

This is my conception of the matter ;----Bow your body gently, turn your head semicircularly, on one side and the other ; and smiling, thus agreeably begin ;

All Fable is figure---I your bard will maintain it,
And least you don't know it, 'tis fit I explain it :
The *Lyre* of our *Orpheus*, means your approbation ;
Which frees the poor Poet from care and vexation :
Shou'd want make his mistress too keen to dispute,
Your smiles fill his pockets---and Madam is mute :
Shou'd his wife, that's himself, for they two, are but one ;
Be in hell, that's in debt, and the money all gone ;

Your

40 A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Your favour brings comfort, at once cures the evil,
For 'scaping Bum Bailiffs, is 'scaping the devil.
Nay, *Cerberus Criticks* their fury will drop,
For such barking monsters, your smiles are a sop:
But how to explain what you most will require,
That *Cows, Sheep, and Calves*, shou'd dance after the lyre,
Without your kind favour, how scanty each meal!
But with it comes dancing *Beef, Mutton, and Veal*.
For sing it, or say it, this truth we all see,
Your applause will be ever the true *Baume de Vie*.

4 AP 54

FINIS

